

THE TRIPOD;

OR,

NEW SATIRIST.

JULY 1st, 1814.

THIS Work has changed its title, from having changed its objects. Literature, the arts, the works of peace, are to occupy those pages which the necessity of the times once devoted to the examination of party politics and personal character. Politics shall still be touched on, but they shall be general. Vice shall still be visited, but the visitation shall be more "in sorrow than in anger." The work has fallen into totally different hands, and calls for the public judgment on totally different principles. An able farewell explanation, from the late conductor, will be found in the body of this Number.

CARICATURE.

THE fate of heroes is somewhat singular. Samson and Dalilah, Hercules and Omphale, Alexander and Thais, the Duke of York and Mrs. Clarke, are but so many examples among so many thousands, of the active susceptibility of those towering personages. The same passion which leads them to

thirst for the blood of men, strangely leads them to study the *besoins* of women; and whether it is that they are anxious to atone to the world their ravages of the one sex by their raptures with the other, or that there is something of the spirit of retributive justice, in turning those into slaves who have already fettered their millions a piece—there are few facts more assured than that “your maddest hero” is, as Shakespeare says, “your saddest lover.” Yet, with all those historic grounds, who would have ever ventured on the prophecy, that the Conqueror of the North, the destroyer of the destroyer, the son of snows and tempests, Blucher, the veteran victor of so many armies, would have been at length found following a CAP! That the Emperor, young, handsome, triumphant, exposed to the blaze of British beauty, and the admiration of British eloquence, “the glass of fashion—the mirror and the rose of the fair state,” should have yielded, might provoke little beyond a sigh for human nature. That the Prussian King, in the full radiance of the Princess Mary’s rounded charms, should acknowledge the power of a smile; that even Platoff, though many a plain lies between him and Circassia, and many a night has fled on “dewy wing,” since he mounted his charger, and flew to the turret where “his lady and his love” was lamenting the jealousy of Asiatic pomp and the hardship of looking at transport through bars of such hopeless solidity, might be subdued; and think of the past till he could enjoy the present. But Blucher, rigorous and rigid, triumphing over steel and season, to give way before a cap! even in all the charms of tassel and trimming, accurately quadrated pasteboard and indubitable Parisian velvet! wrap himself in the robe that for many an age has involved nothing beyond the lineaments of women, or men like women, bury his sword in the *involucra* of “soft rai-

ment," for * the last time it was to adhere to his side, and bow his submissive head to the caprices of that emblem of decay, *Alma Mater*, all comes over us "like a summer cloud, to move our special wonder." It must be left to the same history which is yet to moralize on the conversion of the Master of the Iron Crown of Italy into the Iron Master of Elba. We now present to the public a view of the formalities in which, leading the way to so many of those men whom he had so often led before, Blucher, like a novice, gave up the pomps and vanities of war, took his vows in the Oxford convent, and was dubbed L. L. D.

However, presuming that this wanderer means to practise in the courts below, as he has already done in those above, his title to the degree is certainly unquestionable. He must be deeply read in legal lore who could give laws to the man who dictated law to Europe.

Silly wits have asserted that the claims of the Marshal to this new dignity lay in his superlative knowledge of the *cannon* law; but this is a mistake proceeding from the

* It is a fact not generally known, that Blucher in the most delicate and handsome manner, presented the sword (more famous than Durindarte) with which he has fought all his campaigns, to the Prince Regent of England. His Royal Highness has a small but superb armoury in Carlton House. Among others of its ornaments, was a sword which Blucher had formerly given to a British officer on the Continent, who in turn gave it to the Prince, by whom it was highly prized as the memorial of a man, *extraordinary* in an age prolific of heroes. This fact came to the gallant Marshal's ears; he found an opportunity of visiting the armoury, whence he removed the sword alluded to, and in its place hung up his own. The gratification of the Prince Regent, when he next entered the place, and discovered this chivalrous and soldierly act of attention may be more easily imagined than described.

ignorance of those persons. It is well known on the Continent, that his works have manifested the most decided tendency towards the establishment of the *common law*. But his acquirements are *general*. The Katsbach, the Elbe, the Rhine, the Seine, and the Marne, bear witness to his unequalled ability, as the leader of a cause in the Court of *Arches*. His conduct too towards Buonaparte, and his adherents, may be quoted as sufficient proof of his intimate acquaintance with *criminal jurisprudence*. His opinions on the subject of legal titles are universally confessed to be of the purest nature. In equity* he is pre-eminent. His skill in the military code not to be questioned. In *divorce* cases he has given many proofs of dexterity, and many wives have to thank him for relieving them from oppressive husbands. Neither has he shewn less science in the law of nations, as may well be evidenced by the celebrated appeal cause which he has just concluded so satisfactorily by his unmatched skill in the application of the *argumentum bacculinum* and *ultima ratio regum*. With his proficiency in *Exchequer* and *Chancery* law, we are not so intimately acquainted, but we have heard enough from good authority to satisfy us, that the actions in which he has been engaged, have had a powerful influence on the former, and that if he has not shone in the latter it is only because he is an enemy to dilatory proceedings.

Owing to his wonderful talents and experience, it is not surprising that his fame should resound in every Court in Europe, in all of which he has appeared in person, and practised to redress the wronged, to obtain justice, and to humble oppression.

* So called from *Equus*, a horse, in honour of the decision by which a Persian monarch obtained a verdict in his favour, damages one crown !!

His dislike to the code Napoleon, his activity in enforcing captions when necessary, his profound erudition in all that concerns the *rolls* (witness the well known commissariat case "Frederic and others *versus* Buonaparte"), and his uncommon obstinacy in matters of *tenure*, are too notorious to require comment. We shall, therefore, only observe, that so grand a concatenation of legal abilities were never before presented for the decision of the Oxford Caput.

Having had personal opportunities of ascertaining the style and manner of Doctor Marshal Blucher, the public will perhaps allow us to communicate our observations, in this respect, to its notice. The learned Doctor is generally very sparing of his words. We have heard indeed of his labouring for six or seven hours at a heat to impress his cause, but he has *generally* succeeded in half that number of minutes. What comes from him, however, has always the merit of being specially energetic and forcible. In the *argumentum ad hominem* he is unrivalled. His mode of ratiocination is of a mixed description; either peculiarly sharp and pointed; he deals out most cutting remarks, or if he stuns *rotundo ore* (with "the rounded ore" or metal, and not the rounded mouth, as often erroneously translated) his elocution takes a rapid flight of a range and execution inconceivable to those who have not witnessed its prodigious effect. It is somewhat curious that the Doctor Marshal never followed the modern practice of pleading without arrangement, and trusting for effect to the passions of the hearers. On the contrary, he regularly pursued the track of the ancient philosophers and casuists, distributing his matter into *divisions* and *sections*. His eloquence was invariably accompanied by *luminousness*

and, if we might say so, was, if not impregnated with the real attic salt, *nitrous*, and penetrating in the extreme.

With his private character this article has little to do. We are sorry to mention, however, that he has been always a *Party* man, and the patron of parties. He has also been too often seen mixing in *light* companies, a habit from which we trust he will now refrain, since he has put on the grave habit of Oxon, which has already exceedingly altered his *uniform* mode. In temporal affairs his "offence is rank;" in spiritual concerns we are not sure that "it smells to Heaven," but we fear that he is no saint, and our reason is this:—When informed that it was the intention of a Royal Personage to invest him with the Holy Ghost, the Doctor Marshal, who was before covered round with ribbons, stars, crosses, and decorations, exclaimed with most unbecoming levity as well as vulgarity, "Poh! where *the Devil* shall I hang it?" Passing over this unlucky junction of titles, as the flow of elated blood, that has been so long accustomed to give its tide to the impulse of country and honour, we take our leave of our gallant convert, promising him that his name will be long honoured in England, and that when our sons are to be taught the noblest way to gallant actions, the history of the Silesian war shall be among the first that is to give them the lesson.

TO THE PUBLIC.

The Editor of the late *Series* of the *Satirist*, upon closing his labours and taking leave of the public, begs permission to offer a few brief remarks. He has to thank it for high encouragement.

With this kind disposition on the part of the public, there has, however, not been wanting a proportion of a contrary spirit. The *name* of the *Satirist* was against it. Some of its earlier publications had descended to personal satire, and attacked the recesses of private feeling. It was in vain, therefore, that the *late Series* lashed only general vice and *public* delinquency. Its enemies continued to repeat an accusation, the grounds for which no longer existed, and their clamours so far prevailed, that, though adorned by a multiplicity of essays (which justice and not vanity may pronounce to be) honourable to the literature of the country, and the morals and spirit of their writers, this work never attained the fullness of that respectable character to which many of the most virtuous and best informed persons in the country have thought it entitled. This is one of the considerations which have induced the Editor to terminate his labours.

But it is also one of the feeblest of his inducements, for he well knows that perseverance and candour would overcome prejudice and silence calumny. Personal reasons have had a share in this determination, but his main and deciding motive was, that the object proposed by his undertaking had been accomplished. The good cause has triumphed, and the faction at home, who so incessantly and laboriously toiled to impede and defeat it, are reduced to a situation too contemptible not to demand sympathy rather than correction. Their evil passions still

remain, it is true, and have even been *reinforced* by disappointment—but their strength is gone, the power to injure is lost, the venom is extracted, and though the reptile may coil and foam, the infection is no longer prevalent in the system, and capable of being transferred into the healthful body politic of Europe.

A glorious peace has crowned the efforts of that school of politics of which the Satirist has ever been the zealous supporter, and it is no small pride to its Editor to have done his part (however humble) of a Briton's duty, with that lever of the mighty engine of the press which fortune had put into his hands.

Feeling that the existing state of the world naturally suggests an almost entire change in the conduct of all periodical publications, the Editor of the late Series of the Satirist avails himself of the opportunity to bring that series to a close. He thanks the public for the favour which he has received; if he has unguardedly, as undesignedly, offended any good man, he solicits the pardon which ought to be accorded to one whose object has been solely to promote the best interests of his country. The might of Britain resides in the virtue of her population; and the writer who contributes to the repression of vice, not only ameliorates the condition of his fellow citizens individually, but contributes to the firmer establishment of that column of national greatness which touches the heavens and overshadows the earth.

On relinquishing his task, the Editor experiences much delight in transferring the copyright to a society of gentlemen, eminently qualified to produce a publication which will advance much higher pretensions to universal patronage than any which his abilities could achieve. What their course will be they themselves will probably state, and what its literary merits a few Numbers will unfold.

The late Editor of the Satirist.

THE SPIRIT OF THE JOURNALS.

No. 5.

THE CATHOLIC ELEGY ; OR, MEDITATIONS IN AN EMPTY BOARD ROOM.

The hand of time has rung the parting knell,
The busy, bustling scene at length is o'er;
Within these walls, dull peace and silence dwell,
These walls, where noise and nonsense reign'd before;

No swelling sounds my list'ning ear approach,
No voices now in fine confusion rise,
Save the rough rattle of the passing coach,
Or piercing melody of Dublin Cries;

Save that from yonder church's trembling tower
The joyous bells their peals obstreperous ring,
To celebrate the fall of Lawless Power,
The Gaul returning to his rightful King.

Beneath this cobweb'd roof, and on this floor,
Where not a mortal but myself now stands,
How oft' was heard the BOARD's tumultuous roar,
The clamorous plaudit, and the clap of hands?

The hope which bade DISUNION's friends rejoice,
The envied honour of OUR SPEAKER's chair,
The Doctor's twang, the Lawyers brazen voice,
No more shall rouse them from their deep despair.

For them no more the midnight Lamps shall burn,
Or titled Chairman on their labours smile;
No Secretary make his year's return
Of tenpennies collected through the Isle.

Oft did the statute to their purpose bend,
The neck of law oft felt their sturdy stroke;
How many a brave petition here was penn'd,
How many a resolution made—and broke!

Let not grave Wisdom mock their shallow views,
Their dreams of Empire, their new Rights of Man;
Nor pride of British Senators refuse
Some credit to the bold but luckless plan.

The happiest system fram'd by mortal skill,
The highest fabric vast ambition rears,
Can but its short and destin'd course fulfil,
Relentless Time no human structure spares.

Perhaps in this deserted room was seen
Some genius form'd on Fame's bright wing to soar,
Had times and changes more propitious been,
Had revolution throve on Ireland's shore.

But niggard Fortune, to their merits blind,
Refus'd the sanction of her fostering aid,
To petty feuds their noble rage confin'd,
And o'er their glories cast an envious shade.

Full many a vein of Copper's stubborn ore
The rugged mountain's unpierc'd bosom fills,
Full many a string of Fiorin's valued store
Spreads all unnotic'd on the northern hills.

Mayhap, 'midst Chiefs, whose too contracted bound
Forbade them Faction's trespass to exceed,
Some unfledg'd Buonaparte might be found,
Some Cromwell with the will, but not the deed.

O'er spurn'd authorities to hold command,
The subjects sworn allegiance to despise,
To mar the scheme by ancient Wisdom plann'd,
They greatly aimed—but Fate withheld the prize.

Yet not unfruitful was the project bold
To stripling Lawyers feath'ring here their nest,
Who saw the swelling bag its briefs scarce hold,
The bag where moths once found untroubled rest.

Through what strange scenes and changes all things pass,
In this uncertain sublunary sphere !
Perhaps, where rant'd champions of the Mass,
Some raving Methodist may split the ear !

Perhaps the buskin'd hero here may tread,
To act like us his temporary part ;
Some grave Professor's lectures may be read,
Or crowds admire some newer Juggler's art !

Such is the changeful state of all below,
And we must learn to bear the common lot ;
Yet shall it some consoling hope bestow,
To think, tho' dead, we shall not be forgot—

Yes—to my fancy grateful is the task,
To paint to future times our fate deplor'd ;
To think should curious wight hereafter ask,
Some hist'ry of the once renowned Board.

How haply some old Dublin cit may say,
 Oft have we seen them, like a flight of crows,
 Urging to you lov'd place their evening way,
 And, like Macbeth, destroying night's repose.

There, (for tho' young we squeez'd to get a place)
 How did we wonder at their strength of lungs,
 The noble fire of every brazen face,
 The modern Babel and its strife of Tongues.

Forbear fond muse—no further traits disclose,
 The curtain falls—the Sun descends in fog—
 They seek in distant wilds unwish'd repose,
 Macgillicuddy's Reeks, and Allen's Bog.—

THE BATTLE OF THE INKSTANDS.

Bella! horrida Bella!

I sing of a Battle, without sword or fire,
 'Twixt a *Knight* of a City, and a *Knight* of a Shire;
 In numbers short, Oh, Muse! declare
 Who these redoubted Champions were,
 Who gravely sitting in debate,
 Turn'd arguments to deadly hate!
 “*PShaw!*” cries the Muse, “I must not tell—
 Some near allusion does as well;
 For as they both are styled M. P.
 To speak more plain might libel be;
 Therefore I will conceal the name,
 And yet transmit their deeds to fame!”
 CITY, enraged, to COUNTY cries,
 “Your statements are confounded lies!”

COUNTY, not taking time to think,
Dashed at his head a *Stand of Ink* !
CITY then seized another near,
And hurl'd it at th' aggressor's ear ;
The sable streams—a dismal sight !
Made waistcoats black, that once were white ;
And the bye standers felt shagreen,
To see quite spoil'd their smart nankeen :—
But *Inkstand* was not hurt—nor head,
For each was made of *friendly lead* !

May 22, 1814.

ON AN INVITATION TO A MARRIED COUPLE
TO A DANCE IN THE COUNTRY.

Thanks for your tickets to the Ball,
They are to "*Life and Love*" a call :
I think so, on my life !
But when I speak of Life and Love—
So soon my feelings to reprove,
By mentioning—*my Wife*.

'Tis like the care so good, so mild,
Which gives a med'cine to a child
Distressed by cold and phthisic :
And when the dulcet draught is down,
Cries—" Little charmer, do not frown,
The sweets I gave were—*Physic*.

TO THE RIGHT HON. N. VANSITTART,

*The Humble Remonstrance of the Scottish Ministers Wives,
on the Threatened Window Tax.*

Dread Sir, we Scottish parsons wives
Were ne'er sae put till't in our lives ;
The stipends (Perceval's the praise,)
Are better than in former days ;
But then, if ye will tax our light,
The augmentation's but a sight.
Our bairns (for instance I hae seven,
And ae gude neibour has eleven ;)
They maun hae meat, and lair, and claes—
Hech, Sir ! how fast the siller gaes !
Its true his Reverence saves the teaching ;
For after he's thrumm'd o'er his preaching,
He gars the bairns baith read and spell,
As weel's the Dominie himsel ;
And something, too, that he cas grammar
(Into my head it ne'er wad hammer,)
Wi blads o' French, and crabbit Latin,
Rin glibly aff their tongues like satin ;
But then, Sir, claes maun be forthcoming,
And tell me, how can any woman
His Reverence' breeks keep clean and neat,
Cleed him in black, frae heed to feet,
Gie seven weans their breaks and frocks,
And Sunday brows like ither folks,
Forbye their parritch, milk, and kail,
If we maun pay to keep them hale ?—
Maun pay ! Oh think, Sir ! how provoking,
Ten pounds for light to darn a stocking !

Dread Sir then on our case take pity,
And country wives, and wives in city,
All who to black coats e'er belong,
Shall set you foremost in their sang—
Charlie and Pitt before you fall,
While wives and weans Vansittart bawl.

A. R.

—Manse, June 2, 1814.

SONG, FOR THE JACOBINS IN ENGLAND.

To the tune of "To Anacreon in Heav'n."

To Napoleon transported in Elba's mean isle,
Some rascals in England preferred a petition;
That he would allow them to live 'neath his smile,
When this answer arrived from the Jaffa Physician
Short, little, or tall,
Ye Jacobins all,
The contents I've read of your piteous scrawl;
And since that your sufferings, like mine, now are great,
I welcome you all to my *Elba-retreat*.
But first let me tell you what poltroons you were,
To sit idly at home, when I wanted assistance;
When Blucher and Schwartzenberg hung on my rear,
And the Cossacks were not to be kept at a distance.
Pray, was it well done,
When they forced me to run,
To sit as inactive as if all had been won;
Howe'er since I find that your misery's great,
I welcome you all to my *Elba-retreat*.
You gave me your wishes, but yet you were quiet,
And left me to finish the matter alone;
Had you kick'd up at home a disturbance and riot,
Dame Fortune had smil'd and the day was our own:

For England, you know,
 Was my deadliest foe,
 And thro' her all Europe has hurled me so low :
 Howe'er since you say that your sufferings are great,
 I welcome you all to my *Elba-retreat*.

But a truce to complaint—for that never can bring
 The least consolation to solace my fall ;
 Come, join me, and quickly my island shall ring,
 With “ tantara rara, rogues all, rogues all ! ”

In my empire o'er sea,
 Your Chief I'll still be,
 And afford you relief (tho' you never did me,)
 Then, rouse ye, my hearties, again I repeat,
 I welcome you all to my *Elba-retreat*.

PITT CLUB OF SCOTLAND.

The following songs were sung at the Edinburgh Pitt Club, on the 28th ult.

THE SON OF NAVARRE.

The gods had decreed that in justice divine,
 Their vials of wrath should be poured on the world.
 And allowed, to accomplish the awful design,
 Disaster and dread on the earth to be hurled.
 Confusion prevailed,
 Mankind were assailed,
 Humanity blushed as her lot she bewailed,
 And the crown of St. Louis by treason and war,
 Was torn from the brows of the Son of Navarre.

A sceptre of iron, a sovereign's command,
To a tyrant, a slave, and a coward were given,
Truth, Justice, and Mercy were banished the land,
And the scourge was applied by the mandate of Heaven.

Freedom shook in her seat,
All the good and the great,
Were devoted by *terror* the victims of fate,
When the Lion of Britain, so dreadful in war,
Erected his crest for the Son of Navarre.

Success and renown to the banners that wave,
Where Freedom ne'er planted her standard before !
May wreaths from the laurel distinguish the brave,
Wherever the cannon of Liberty roar !

Thistle, Shamrock, and Rose,
To the world give repose.

With the Lily combin'd, on the Garonne that grows,
And the Lion of Britain, so dreadful in war,
Give peace and a crown to the Son of Navarre.

To guard for the Bourbon his spotless cockade,
St. Andrew, St. George, and St. Patrick shall join ;
Before them the three-coloured ribbon shall fade,
And the Despot be chased from the land of the vine.

The Lily shall reign,
Sweetest flower of the Seine,
Entwined with the Olive and Laurel again ;
For the Lion, no longer a rival in war,
Restores to his empire the Son of Navarre.

FOR A' THAT AN A' THAT.

A new Song to an old tune.—By WALTER SCOTT, Esq.

Though right be aft put down by strength,
As mony a day we saw that,

The true and leilfu' cause at length
Shall bear the grie for a' that,
For a' that, an' a' that,
Guns, guillotines, and a' that.
The fleur-de-lys, that lost her right,
Is queen again for a' that.

We'll twine her in a friendly knot
With England's Rose, and a' that,
The Shamrock shall not be forgot,
For Wellington made bra' that.
The Thistle, though her leaf be rude,
Yet faith we'll no misca' that;
She sheltered in her solitude
The fleur-de-lys, for a' that

The Austrian vine, the Prussian pine
(For Blucher's sake hurra' that)
The Spanish olive, too, shall join,
And bloom in peace for a' that.
Stout Russia's hemp, so surely twin'd,
Around our wreath we'll draw that,
And he that would the cord unbind,
Shall have it for his gra-vat.

Or if to choke sae puir a sot,
Your pity scorn to thraw that,
The Devil's Elbo be his lot,
Where he may sit and claw that.
In spite of slight, in spite of might,
In spite of brags and a' that;
The lads that battled for the right,
Have won the day, and a' that.

There's a bit spot I had forgot,
They ca'd America, that;

A coward plot her rats had got
Their fathers' flag, to gnaw that;
Now see it fly top-gallant high
Atlantic winds shall blaw that.
And Yankee loun, beware your crown,
There's kames in hand to claw that.
For on the land, or on the sea,
Where'er the breezes blaw that,
The British flag shall bear the grie,
And win the day for a' that.

THE THREE PROTESTERS.

To the Tune of "We three, Mariners be," &c.

TRIA juncta in UNO !!!

We THREE,
PROTESTERS be,
Against our blackg—d CLUB's decree,
Resolv'd to kick up a row, d'ye see,
As blades of *No-to-ri-e-ty*!

We THREE,
Hereby agree,
As sprigs of true Nobility,
To humble all of high degree,
For the sake of common *De-cen cy*!

We THREE,
By unity
May o'er the R—l F—m—y
Set up our own supremacy,
And bend their necks to *Equa-li-ty*!

(Signed)

S—
F—
E—

NAPOLEON'S LAMENTATION IN THE ISLAND OF ELBA.

Music—"Erin go Bragh."

There dawn'd in the South a light brightly beaming,
And mortals believ'd that from Heaven it came,
When soon like a meteor, ferociously gleaming,
Its red beams were quench'd in an ocean of shame;
Oh! It was that lustre of splendour intrusive,
Till proudly I cast off the halo illusive,
That threw o'er my wild beams a softness seductive,
O, France! O, beau pays!—adieu pour toujours!

O! where are my thrones—they like shadow have faded,
My glory has set in the night of the tomb!
Oh, Time! when such splendour my past days pervaded,
Could I e'er dream such horrors were lodg'd in thy
womb?

Oh, Fate! why to me was such destiny given,
The first of proud Kings—now an outcast of Heaven!
Shunn'd, hated, despis'd, into banishment driven—
L'illusion a fui, pour ne plus revenir!

Oh, Fate! in thy rigour, no mercy bestowing,
Ah! mercy! how strange sounds thy name in my ear;
And I feel round my cold heart the consciousness glowing,
That I never gave aught to thy sigh or thy tear—
Unmov'd—on the pale cheek of woman congealing
I've mark'd the sad tear, bitter anguish revealing—
And laugh'd at the weakness, that brook'd not concealing,
O, Mémoire! que je voudrois t'oublier à jamais.

But now, while beneath a stern mask I dissemble,
I'm weaker than woman when bath'd in her tears,
In the darkness of night, how I shrink, how I tremble,
And cries of dim horror resound in my ears!

Tho' dark in my chamber—I see the light glaring—
The dun flame of torches, confusedly flaring
For the lone silent murder of D'Enghien preparing !

O Mémoire ! que je voudrois t'oublier à jamais.

I see his pale form in lone majesty bending

His eyes too reproachful---concealed from the light—
No crime but his birth my ambition offending—

Oh ! spare me, stern conscience, that terrible night—
Oh ! Palm ! Piehegru ! on my harrow'd eyes gleaming,
Your blood in red waves wild around me seems streaming,
I start up in terror !---Ah ! no, I'm not dreaming—

O, Mémoire ! que je voudrois t'oublier à jamais.

Sleep lulls not a moment my horrid distraction,

For murder ! red murder ! still wakes in my soul ;
And dreams are to conscience the season for action,

When horrors on horrors tumultuously roll !
Then Wright ! I behold thee---'mid tortures designing
Thy fibres to rock---on thy last throb refining—
With the firmness of virtue thy spirit resigning,

O, Mémoire ! que je voudrois t'oublier à jamais.

And dark visag'd Toussaint ! thine eyes sternly taunt me,

They tell me of that which I never can know,
They tell me of Heaven ! while furies still haunt me,
And drag my rack'd soul to the demons below !

Wherever I turn, deeper horror prevailing,
And menacing spectres unnumber'd assailing—
They are Jaffa's pale myriads, with frantic bewailing—

O, Mémoire ! que je voudrois t'oublier à jamais.

When I hear the wind howl, and the sea wildly foaming,

I spring from my couch in the darkness of night,
And when on its stormy beach gloomily roaming,
I own a stern feeling of savage delight :

Of my soul's raging madness, the image presenting
 The high dashing billows---my pride unrelenting—
 Defeated, o'erthrown---in vain fury resenting—

O, Mémoire ! que je voudrois t'oublier à jamais.

Revenge in my soul, her dark myriads creating,
 I would blast, could I do it, with curses the earth,
 Mankind, and all nature, to madness, now hating,
 I loath e'en the mother that gave me my birth,
 In my heart 'gainst all human affections rebelling,
 Nor pity, nor hope---nor love e'er found a dwelling,
 The friendship of man with suspicion repelling—

O, Mémoire ! que je voudrois t'oublier à jamais.

Oh ! fain would I die, yet I have not the power !

Oh ! fain would I perish---but that cannot be ;
 I must wait---yes I feel it---the terrible hour

When the soul *never dying*, from bondage is free :
 But oh!---what strange horror my blood is congealing,
 This frail web of flesh, the dark future concealing—
 Yet---Eternity seems its dread horrors revealing,

Une autre vie ! une autre vie ! voilà mon désespoir !

I feel on my forehead the chilly damps breaking,
 Scarce, scarce can I heave my last fleeting breath—
 And shall I no more from this dark dream awaken,

Oh, God!---Oh, my God ! am I stricken with death?
 I faint---I expire---no being is near me---
 And must I then die---Almighty ! Oh, hear me !

I have sinn'd---Oh ! ye demons, how wildly ye tear me,
 Une autre vie ! une autre vie ! O, horreur ! O, déses-
 poir !

MILITARY HONOURS AND REWARDS.

The conclusion of the war, as was naturally expected, has been followed by some acts of royal grace and favour, but the instances in which they have been conferred are few indeed; pecuniary rewards have been annexed to honours and titles, and in our parliament, advocates are found in abundance for the enlargement of those rewards as to amount, though no one has been heard to recommend their extension in number. While we see foreign soldiers covered with badges of honour, no distinctive marks of national gratitude are to be found decorating the breasts that were exposed at Trafalgar, at Salamanca, or at Vittoria. That this is both unjust and impolitic experience proves.

When Francis the First of France, after a war with the Emperor Charles the Fifth, exercised a partial generosity, confining his bounty to De Biron, Montmorenci, and two or three others, a brave, but unrewarded soldier, under the influence of that disgust which neglect of his merits had excited, gave vent to his feelings in the following

EPIGRAM.

Sire, si vous donnez pour tous,
A trois ou quatre,
Il faut donc que pour tous
Vous les fassi combattre.

The fashionable cant now is, that, in rewarding the General, the reward of the soldier is included; but, how fairly might the neglected subalterns and privates of the present day address the Prince Regent, and say, in imitation of the

EPIGRAM.

Since your Highness is pleas'd all your favour to fix
 On a Duke and some Barons, at most five or six,
 When again you're at war, pray concede this request,
 Make *these Lords* fight your battles while *we* are at rest.

A. H.

KIRWAN'S SERMONS.

About 27 years since a singular person started up in the Irish pulpit, and attracted a large share of public attention. He had been a Romish priest, who, from ambition, or conviction, or the mere restlessness of a keen and sensitive nature, gave up his old faith, and read his adherence to Protestantism. The pulpit in Ireland was at that time as somnolent and lethargic, as was natural to its system of preferment; or, to use a bold phrase, as the church of England is at the present day. She had her dignitaries; the revenues and appointments of her Bishops were regularly attended to, nothing could exceed the accuracy with which the scale of patronage was graduated; her clergy were the most inoffensive, unrepublishing, irreproachable body of peaceable fillers of desks that could be conceived, and in short, every thing was as it should be. It may be imagined how much all this happy tranquillity must have been endangered by the introduction of the untamed deserter that had come thus unexpectedly among them; what pious horrors, what tossing on sofas and velvet benches, what rustling of lawn

sleeves, what anathemas ripening under the "purple and soft raiment" of those venerable men who found the easy tranquillity of their lives so likely to be disturbed. It was a day of danger, and, however reluctantly, they put on their whole armour to meet it. But the deserter had by this time also made ready for battle, and what he wanted in personal rank, he made up in name. The impediments thrown in his course, much as they cost the unwieldy laziness of his superiors, were lightly removed by the multitude that followed in his train, and after a struggle, which at once drew down the bench into popular ridicule and exhausted their strength, he was left to madden the mob in his own way. The work which we now notice is a small collection of the later sermons of his life, imperfectly gathered from his own blotted manuscripts and arranged by no very auspicious hand. A heavy and yet feeble preface gives the usual mention of his birth and death; tells us that he first saw the light in Galway, in Ireland, about the year 1754; that he was educated at St. Omer's, for the Romish priesthood; at 17 was sent to St. Croix, in the West Indies, when he appears to have superintended the slaves of a rich uncle; returned to Europe; held the moral and natural philosophy chair at Louvain; in 1778 became Chaplain to the Neapolitan Ambassador in England; during his residence in the metropolis conceived the idea of changing his belief; and, on the 24th of June, in the year 1787, was received into the Protestant church, in St. Peter's, Dublin. This biography, indescribably bare and worthless as it is, is yet all which the compiler of those sermons has condescended to lay before the public; we, of course, do not take into any account his sketch of Kirwan's eloquence, "*Jupiter cana nive conspuens Alpes*," which is tame and probable to his rage of panegyric, and

we are actually left in the uncertainty whether this diatribe was meant for an honest and pains-taking detail of the Author's peculiarities, or an artful contrast of the real vigour which it preceded.

Great powers sometimes make opportunities, but it seems a kind of providential bye law that such opportunities should sometimes seem to court them. The state of Ireland at the period of Kirwan's first exhibitions, was just such as an orator would desire, supposing him to have had the usual disregard of superior faculties for the wretchedness on which their fame is to be erected. Ireland had recovered the acknowledgment of her independence but a few years before, and was at once beginning to be proud of her freedom, and looking out for its purchaser. The system of elections, ill understood and thrown loose among the wild passions and eager cupidities of a people disposed even from the vigour of their nature to eminent licentiousness, had excited, and at the same time corrupted, the body of her population. Her legislature was one mass of putridity; yet all this, adverse as it was to national honour or hope of improvement, produced a spirit which it might be within the province of the great orator to turn to his peculiar advantage. There was the strong agitation, the vigorous effervescence, the perpetual conflict of principles, out of which the materials of popular eloquence are to be extracted. At all events, public curiosity was just then beginning to be powerfully sensitive, and the first man of ability who rose above the multitude, was sure to have millions of anxious and awakened eyes instantly turned upon him. Kirwan's entrance into the Protestant Church might have thrown some interest round a man who had descended from an inferior station in his own. A Romish priest preaching in the metropolitan pulpit was a novelty which had seldom

been seen. But the mode of delivering his discourses was no feeble auxiliary to this *debut*. He preached extemporaneously, a practice perfectly and rightly disused among the incapable majority of an Established Church, but admirably suited to impress the multitude. The character of Kirwan's eloquence, for nothing can be more unlike the original than its picture in the preface, was that of keenness and force. His faults of style were gross, boundless, and irreclaimable; he blundered out the most vulgar common-place; he wandered away into the most licentious metaphor; he enunciated with the most offensive peculiarities of the Irish tongue, but what he spoke, he spoke with an appearance of irresistible conviction. Whether with the artifice or the inspiration of an orator, he sometimes seemed overpowered and sinking under the excess of his impressions, his words came with struggling and toil, his whole frame laboured, and he appeared deprived of the faculties which were to tell him, that he was in a pulpit, and preaching to an audience of the first ranks of his nation; in a moment after, the torrent would burst its bounds, and pour out in a grand mingling of metaphor, and argument, and allusion, and mighty appeal. All this could not be done without gesticulation, and nothing more extravagant or even ludicrous than his action was probably ever exhibited since the birth of field preaching. His figure small and meagre, his countenance mean, and defective in the expression of one of the eyes, and even his harsh and feeble though distinct voice, utterly incompatible as they were with majesty, were not unsuited to his model, nor even to his auditory. All that Ireland had of eminence in rank and literature and rising talent, and she had her share, was occasionally to be found within the walls of his church, but he was unquestioned master of the multitude, and the

fastidious judgment of their superiors was easily led away by the feelings that flamed and wept round them. From the pressure of a few unproductive years, some scarcity was felt at this period, and among an improvident and careless people great distress must now have been the natural result in the more crowded districts. Public commiseration was excited, and contributions were made for the relief of the lower orders in Dublin. Kirwan was called on to try his powers in assisting the general feeling. He succeeded to an unrivalled extent. The collection at his first Charity Sermon was of an amount unknown before, nearly one thousand pounds; and from that period his attention was exclusively occupied by addresses on the part of the charitable establishments of the metropolis. In 1798, the year of a sanguinary insurrection in Ireland, he took the step which even Luther found dangerous to his popularity, and married. It is scarcely, however, to be discovered on what principle, the conviction that authorises the abandonment of the Romish doctrine, should not abolish its inferior regulations. He appeared now to be approaching to domestic enjoyment, a small living which augmented his income to about 600*l.* a year had been given to him a short time before, his children were rising round him, and he was full of his fame. But he was to be one more evidence of the instability of human hopes, he was attacked by a sudden illness, probably proceeding from a *coup de soleil*, as he was passing into his house in the suburbs of Dublin, and, after a short illness, died on the 27th of October, 1805, greatly deplored and calumniated, envied and admired. The present volume contains thirteen Sermons, chiefly on subjects of charity, and from its being published for the benefit of his family, whose whole dependence appears to be a miserable pension of 300*l.* a year, we are anxious

that it should be more extensively known. To predict the reception which it may find with the general readers of England may be difficult, but we will venture to pronounce that no Clerical book has appeared since the "Divine Legation" which will find fewer partisans in the establishment. The stile is tremendously distinct from that calm and unoffending lullulence which charms so powerfully at the West end, the easy life of the country parson would be best consulted by issuing an anathema against its entrance into his village, and as for the bench they have seen already, in the authentic phrase, "too much of the horrors of innovation in a neighbouring country," not to dread the apparition of this revolutionary eloquence within their quiet cathedrals. But if there are men in the church rash enough not to be afraid on a question of such peril, and thinking that the most impressive form of displaying Divine truths is the best among the multitude for whom chiefly those truths were intended; to such men we recommend these Sermons, not, we must repeat it, as models of preternatural excellence, but as evidences that the Christian religion may be taught without wretched debility in the teacher, or unbroken sleep in those who sit under his ministry.

We give a few extracts from the first Sermon that strikes us, the first in the volume. The text is from 1 Corinth. c. 10. v. 24. "Let no man seek his own, but every man another's wealth." The preacher, after a few general remarks on the appetency of our nature for happiness, discovers its best materials in the tranquillity of a Christian. He then bursts out in a magnificent amplification of his idea. "The wisdom of the Gospel, my friends, is chiefly addressed to the heart, and therefore is easily understood by all. It is in touching that it enlightens us, in touching that it persuades. Directed

by the light of faith, the eye of the true Christian is intensely fixed on the great sphere of eternity. He hears the solemn voice of his religion, which tells him that in man there are two distinct beings, the one material and perishable, the other spiritual and immortal. He knows and contemplates the rapid advance of that futurity which is not measured by the succession of days and nights, or the revolution of years and ages. Before those profound and magnificent impressions all worldly glory fades. No interests can possess or transport his heart but those to which he is invited from above. No, not a desire in his breast, not a movement in his life; no evil in his apprehension or happiness in his thought that refers not to eternity. *He is all immensity of views,* and hence that true nobility of spirit, that calm majestic indifference which looks down on the visionary enterprises of man, sees them unstable and fleeting as the waves of a torrent, pressed and precipitated by those that pursue, and scarce telling you where they are, when you behold them no more: hence too that equality of soul which is troubled at no vicissitude or reverse of life, which knows not those tormenting successions, those rapid alternations of pleasure and pain so frequent in the breast of worldlings: to be elevated by the slightest successes, distressed by the slightest reverse, intoxicated at a breath of praise, inconsolable at the least appearance of contempt, re-animated at a gleam of respect, tortured by an air of coldness and indifference, unbounded in all wishes, and disgusted after all possession, is a spectacle of human misery that would enhance the peace of a true Christian, did the influence of a Divine religion not infuse into his heart as much pity for his mistaken brethren as it does superior dignity and elevation into his sentiments."

After a view of the prodigality which sapped the sources of charity in the higher ranks, he notices the absurd reply of those who contended for the prevalence of a merciful spirit from its occasional instances. "But I may be told, that notwithstanding the excesses I complain of, mercy is often remembered. Yes! I confess it, and how should it not be remembered? All human beings occasionally remember mercy, the miser alone excepted. It is the doctrine of all ages and people: in the darkest periods of human reason, when vice the most atrocious was seated upon altars, sensibility to distress remained a sacred though solitary virtue amid the prevailing corruptions of the world. In regions bound in by eternal frost, uncivilized, and almost inaccessible, where element and sterility combine to make existence precarious, and seem to shut up the heart, relief is extended to those whom age or infirmity renders unable to toil. Why then should we talk of obeying a sentiment which in the children of nature is an invariable and burning instinct? Were I to tell the wildest barbarian that our bread is often withheld from the hungry; that some of us are clothed in soft raiment, and wallow in all the enjoyments of luxury and ease, while multitudes are suffered to perish from the absolute want of aliment; while poverty stalks round us ravenous and despairing, all barbarous and uncivilized as we call him, I should fill his honest heart with horror! And yet we flatter ourselves that we are merciful!"

He then thus forcibly contrasts the feebleness of the pulpit with the importance of its objects. "To be roused to the height of mercy, you should have personal experience of what passes round you. You will thus carry the impression to your graves. Sermons and preachers are rapidly forgotten. One single morning devoted to ex-

plore the recesses of misery in this metropolis would preach to you through life—would stamp you merciful for ever. While I press you to an exercise of your institution, full well do you know the necessity of it. But, alas! I want the power of determining you, of melting you down to the extent of my wishes. God has not given it to me, if he had, be assured I would use it: I would encircle you with my little clients, hang them on your garments, teach their fatherless arms to entwine round your knees, their innocent eyes to fasten upon yours, their untainted lips to cry mercy! for we perish. Do you think you could resist? I would bid you observe the force of nature in the breast of a parent, mothers crying to you with extended arms to save their children. No, think not of us, they would say, let us expire if you will, we shall expire in peace, but save, oh! save our children. Then would you see all personal consideration swallowed up in the immensity of parental feeling. Peace and serenity spread over the face of woe. Death itself losing its sting at the prospect of life, and happiness ensured to those objects which nature has endeared beyond our own existence. Do you think you could resist the luxury which such a moment held out to you? Oh how truly has it been said that far better is it for man to go into the house of mourning than into the house of joy. Think not that the earnestness with which I now address you is mere trick and artifice. No, believe me, were I imploring your charity for the mother that bore me, my heart and soul could not be more in the cause than they are in this.”

He then reverts to some measures taken to obtain contributions before, or reminds them of the powers of the parish to supply the immediate pressure.

“Not a single refusal, I understand, did the gentlemen

who collected receive in the whole course of their circuit. On the contrary, every where abundance, and in many instances, profusion. No pressing entreaty was used with you, no obstinate, nor (as I fear you now find it) presuming length of solicitation. The claims of your petitioners were written on the face of nature, on the hoary mantle of the earth, in the bitterness of the breeze. In looking through your casements you naturally reflected on the special comforts and blessings you enjoyed, and raised your eyes to Heaven in fervent thanksgiving, while your imaginations depicted the horrible reverse of cold, nakedness, and famine. The case was clear and you were men. The delegates of misery had but to come and see and conquer. You gave, and gave cheerfully and gave greatly. And is it from such hearts I can dread a repulse on this occasion? Is it only in the temple of the eternal God where he himself conjures you through the lips of his minister, that I can suppose you to exist with impoverished feelings and inferior souls? Here, where the question is not to bestow a transitory relief, but to perform an act of permanent and inconceivable mercy!"

Those extracts have been given as they rose before us, not as affording the most decisive examples of the preacher's powers, but specimens of his usual stile. Some of the occasions on which he was called forward allowed a higher excitement, and rewarded his hearers with a more vigorous display. The crowds that gather round the ranting of a field-preacher are unhappily sufficient to take considerably from the merits of popularity as a standard of oratorical excellence, but the crowds which this distinguished person attracted, could not have been recruited against the naturally repellent qualities of church walls and surplices, without some peculiarity in

the attractant. His grand qualification was earnestness, he seemed to be convinced of what he was trying to impress upon others; no part of his regards was wasted on himself; even the abandonment of all grace in his composition and delivery assumed, in some measure, the rank of sacrifices to his cause; and the multitude listened with eager delight to the man who seemed to labour for nothing but their hearts. The remaining sermons abound in passages of an order not inferior to our extracts. Some rich and various, some keen and highly wrought, some coming rude from the forging of a powerful intellect, and not a few polished with the elegance of poetic feeling. When Kirwan died, a great man was lost to his nation, a great luminary to his church, a great benefactor, his most glorious title, to the poor. For some years after his death, a slight impression seemed to have been made on his clerical brethren by the memory of his fame, and pulpit eloquence was cultivated with higher activity. But in Ireland, an unfortunate country, all things that belong to national distinction have a tendency downwards, and in a few years the only memorial of her having once possessed the first pulpit orator of his age, will be found in those mutilated discourses, and on the stone that shelters his grave.

ANACREON IN DUBLIN, *with Notes, Critical, Historical, and Explanatory.*

Under the above title, an anonymous work has just been published, for the ostensible purpose of assailing that most contemptible of all assemblies the Catholic Board. Ridicule was undoubtedly the most proper missile to be employed; we approve of the instrument, but regret that it is not sharper. We acknowledge the weight of the weapon, but confess that it is deficient in the re-

quisite point and polish to give depth and poignancy to the blows it inflicts. With this evident poverty in means of annoyance, it was as injudicious as it was unjust, to divert them from the main object, to exhaust them in an excursive warfare, to blunt the edge of the weapon, and expand the force of the arm that wielded it, on a power, which, as it was, it was not auxiliary to the main body, did not render attack necessary nor defeat desirable, as preliminary to the great engagement meditated.

Anacreon begins his book with the avowed intention of overthrowing, or, at least exposing the Catholic Board, a very feasible and even laudable attempt; but, in the course of the performance, he turns all his fury, from this object, and commences a vituperative attack on Lord Byron.

For this attack, uncalled for by the subject, and unwarranted by candour, or sound sense, it is difficult to account. Lord Byron had never shewn any considerable degree of activity or zeal for the Catholic cause, far less for the service of the Catholic Board; he had mixed very little in politics, and, from his opinions, could hardly be obnoxious to any set of men. It appears then, unless it be attributable to worse motives, that this attack originated in private and personal pique. The mode in which this attack is made, and the delinquencies charged against the noble author, are conclusive, both as to the views of the assailant, and the peccancies of the personage impugned. He is charged with a resemblance to the Biron of Shakespeare, with having written with severity of a certain distinguished character, with a friendship for the greatest lyric poet of modern times, and with certain changes in opinion relative to several characters of whom his Lordship had spoken unfavourably in his youth.

To the charge of resemblance to the Biron of Shake-

speare, his Lordship might plead guilty, without assuming any degree of odium. The "fruitful brained" Biron, the "merriest man within the limits of becoming mirth," is a character which any one might be proud to resemble, witty, and even wise, with no vice and but slight follies, he appears to concentrate within himself all that is attractive, he is dangerous only to folly or vanity, and so just in his satire that it spares not even his own weaknesses; his wit like the comet in its course, dazzling by its splendours and awful in its magnitude, confounding the foolish, and delighting the wise, operates as a correction to wickedness, while it fulfils its only design of diffusing light and heat through the mental hemisphere. This description does not appear to apply very well to Lord Byron, who, according to Anacreon, is a morose and saturnine personage, with very misanthropic feelings, who shuns the cheerful society of his fellow men to mingle his affections in the friendships of the canine race. Now let us hear what is said of the ideal Biron, by one who certainly had sufficient reasons for making himself acquainted with his real character.

"Another of these students at that time

Was there with him, —————

Biron they call him: but a merrier man,

Within the limits of becoming mirth,

I never spent an hour's talk withal.

His eye begets occasion for his wit;

For every object that the one doth catch

The other turns to a mirth-moving jest,—

Which his fair tongue (concoct expositor)

Delivers in such apt and gracious words,

That aged ears play truant at his tales,

And younger hearings are quite ravished;

So sweet and voluble is his discourse."

After the reader has perused this, let him say, in what particular it is a resemblance of Lord Byron—but it is idle to pursue this subject further. Anacreon thought he saw a necessity for the resemblance, and never did gossip at a christening trace in the formless features of a puling infant, a likeness to its foolish father, with more perverted or minute inaccuracy than he has done in the case before us. Hamlet and Benedict are not more different in character than the real and the ideal Biron.

With regard to Lord Byron's satire on the Prince Regent, it is true he has freely censured the conduct of this person; it is, however, somewhat singular that he who assumes the task of satirizing the follies of one set of men should quarrel with him who thinks he has performed a duty in castigating the frailties of another man. But perhaps this author will affect to believe that satire should be confined to certain ranks and degrees, that there are some stations above the level of her flight, that royalty should not be hawked at by her train. It is perhaps right that there should be some proportion between the game and the pursuers—the owl may pry for the mouse, and the eagle drive the deer on the mountain. Thus the Catholic Board may be a fit quarry for Anacreon, and even Lord Byron may find a victim worthy of his vengeance. But does he think that royalty shielding itself in its prerogative, can set at defiance common opinion: let him learn that nature, jealous of her prerogative, creates by her own patent a royalty—the majesty of Genius—before which, by any irrevocable law of necessity, Kings and Princes must bow down, and to which they must pay involuntary homage. This is the tenure by which the most virtuous hold their honours; but when one in an exalted station debases himself, he is exposed not only to the arrows of genius, but also to the bolts of scorn, shot from

the hands even of feebleness itself. Let Anacreon in future be careful how he paralyses his efforts to correct one vice by the advocacy of another, how he obliges the world to adopt the suspicion of folly in order to avoid the certainty of servility and corruptness.

On the point of friendship, it is not necessary to make any remarks; any man is left at liberty to form his own associations, to elect his own friends, and it is not among the miracles that two poets should mutually esteem each other.

That part of the charge against Lord Byron, which is urged with the greatest gravity and earnestness, is the inconsistency between his present and former opinions. But this charge, it will be found on consideration, is urged without much regard to candour or essence to the mutability of opinion. Few men exist who have not found occasion to change many of their most decided opinions. The author of *Anacreon* should recollect that the work from which he quotes all those sentiments which Lord Byron formerly hazarded, was the production of his Lordship's boyish days—written probably without sufficient reflection or even knowledge of the subjects or persons. The distinguishing quality of a powerful mind is decision; that which is promptitude in maturity is precipitancy in youth—it is not the characteristic of genius to hesitate—unlike that imbecility which fearing to do wrong never dares to act right, and which, hovering on the very verge of all opinions, never lights on any one:—it forms instant conclusions, and utters them regardless of consequences, before the judgment is matured, those conclusions are often erroneous; this may have been the case with Lord Byron—perhaps it is the case; but few men of vigorous minds are to be found who have not in the course of their lives given opinions of men and even of principles more

irreconcilable than those which are noticed as Lord Byron's.

We have perhaps bestowed more attention than appears necessary on this subject; but as it is right that vice and folly should not escape reprehension, so it is important that genius should not be exposed as a mark for calumny and malevolence. There is in the dedication to Lord Byron one allusion which fully warrants the latter term—nothing but the blackest malice and the most abject cowardice could deign to mention the name of a wretched creature in whose crime Lord Byron had no participation.

In the object of the poetics, which was to ridicule the Catholic Board, we most cordially concur—it was a fair and fit subject for ridicule. It is happily now defunct, and the only regret it leaves behind arises from the dignified manner of its destruction: if the wretched cabal, with HOWLEY at its head, had been turned out of the debating room by the parish beadle, it would have suited much better with its character. It was the duty of every good and wise man to shew his contempt for this empty-headed, impudent, and noisy gang, and Anacreon is therefore entitled to considerable praise for his exertions. His work must necessarily be confined in its circulation from the locality of its subject and illusions—the satire will be relished by all who are acquainted with its subject. The two following are fair samples of the poetry—

ODE IV.

THE PUPPET.

Vatican, Ode xi. Barnes 10.

T'other day I chanced to pop
My head into a toyman's shop;
And a puppet there I saw,
Image of a Man of Law,

Dress'd in gown, and band, and wig,
Looking very wise and big.

Tell me, said I to the prentice,

Who by this fine figure meant is?—

“Sir,”—replied the little rogue,

Speaking in a Munster brogue,—

“Arrah fait 'tis Lawyer Dan,

“Nate and new, and spick and span:—

“But if you the maker ax

“Of this pretty lad of wax,

“'Twas my master, and not I,

“Had a finger in the pie.

“I'd not on my conscience take it,

“With my own two hands to make it;

“Or 'mong dacent folks to bring

“Such a very dangerous thing,

“As an head so hot and crazy,

“Which no mortal can make aizey.

“Take him—we'll not disagree—

“Take him for a Tenpenny!”—

With a silver bit I bought him,

And rejoicing home I brought him.

Lawyer Dan, I have you now:

If you raise another row,

For a frolic, or a fee,—

I will send you to Magee.

ODE VI.

THE PETITIONER.

Vatican, Ode xxxiii. *Barnes*, 3.

The session had closed, no new mischief was planning,
And safely I dreamed of the clauses of Canning;
When soft at the door some one scratch'd like a mouse,
Crying, “Pray take me in to a seat in your house!”

From my slumber I started, exclaiming, Who's there?—

“ I want,” it replied, “ your possessions to share :

“ Teazed, tantalized, worried, and stript to the skin,—

“ Only poor little Popery !—pray take me in !”

Soft pity prevail'd as I listen'd to him ;

The lights had burn'd out, so hasten'd to trim :—

Then open'd the door, where a boy he did stand,

With a Cross on his breast and a Pike in his hand.

His wants I relieved, I indulg'd all his wishes,

And gave him his fill of my loaves and my fishes ;

I stirr'd up the fire, and roused the dull embers,

And in my warm bosom I cherish'd his Members.

Revived and refresh'd, the false Urchin arose,

While his Members began their new strength to disclose ;

And laughing he cried, “ Let us try, my good host,

“ If my Pike its old vigour and keenness hath lost !”

Then deep in my bosom he darted the steel :—

“ Ah, ah ! foolish heretic, now dost thou feel?—

“ No longer teazed, worried, and stripp'd to the skin,

“ 'Tis poor little Popery now takes *You* in !”

The notes are written with much gaiety and spirit—sundry indifferent puns might be dispensed with. Recommending the book to the perusal of such of our Readers as only seek amusement, we conclude our remarks by extracting one more Ode, in which the predominant follies of one of the greatest of our modern poets are happily satirized :—

ODE IX.

THE MELODIST.

Vatican, Ode lii. Barnes, 36.

Oh, tease me no more, pretty Rosa, I pray,

For the Four Courts to change thine extatic embraces ;

Or cast the dear Harp of my Country away,

For Statutes, and Pleadings, and dull musty Cases !—

When Bacchus and Cupid enrapture my soul,
 And wave o'er the Nectar their wild wanton winglets,
 Shall Little for Littleton leave the lov'd bowl,
 Or spoil with a wig the fair wreath of their ringlets?

Ah no, dearest Rosa! ah no, dearest girl!
 Such strange masquerade I can never appear in;
 For, since I have cut with the Chivalrous Earl,
 Nought is mine but my Rosa, my Harp, and my Erin.

Yes—mine is the Peer of the Misanthrope Lyre,
 With his headpiece of paper and bosom of iron;
 Who praises the Daughter to slander the Sire,
 And writes Dedications to me—*Crede Byron!*

Yet cheer me, dear maid, with thy soft dimpled smile!
 And urge not the Counsellor's quizzical Caxon!—
 'Tis sweeter to sing of the Emerald Isle,
 Of Bryan the Brave, and the cold-hearted Saxon.

My Brief is to argue how brief are the hours,
 No Opinion but Cupid's sweet Pinion I boast;
 My Band is the Band that is braided with flowers,
 And my Bag is the Bag of the Twopenny-post.

CONGRATULATORY ODES TO HIS ROYAL
 HIGHNESS THE PRINCE REGENT, THE EM-
 PEROR OF RUSSIA, AND THE KING OF
 PRUSSIA. *By Robert Southey, Esq. Poet Laureat.*
Longman, p. 32.

We must be grey at some time or other, and years will
 probably bring upon us other adjuncts still more formidable.
 Since the days of Homer, old men have been famous for
 story telling, and we may, like our forefathers, weary the

patience of many a lively listener with neglected precepts and narrative that might be more wisely forgotten. But we shall have something to tell not ill worth the ear of those who are to act when "our place knows us no more:" The terror of kingdoms, the ruin of established greatness, the mighty sweep of that power which broke over all the ancient boundaries of the nations, the struggle of perishing heroism, the triumph of the Evil one, the great encounter in which the wrongs of the earth came armed against its oppressor, the desperate and doubtful effort, the unequalled success, the long train of gradual discomfiture which dragged him from his "bad eminence," and the rejoicing of the whole world when it had time to take off its armour and heal its wounds. The old man's story may be not more uninteresting, if from actions he reverts to men; our day prolific in good and ill, has been prolific in those characters which are to human eyes their immediate cause.

Even in the life of the lower examples of society he might startle the budding spirits round him, by many a tale of obscure baseness and vulgar ambition, promising abilities hurried under a load of innate vileness, and professions that ought to have set their irrevocable seal on the conscience and heart of man, bartered for leave to bow at a levee, to rank among the *ludicra* of corrupted courts, or wear some "grinning honour" from which common sense would revolt with scorn, and common feeling with indignant and manly shame. Whether Mr. Robert Southey may upon any terms hope to sting the nostril of posterity, is a question that we cannot venture to decide. As a poet he must die, nay he is dead already, the sentence of that law which is incapable of change has passed upon him. Whether from his other claims he may hope to be talked of we are more uncer-

tain ; the chances which make men to be remembered are incontrollably capricious, and Newton and Peter the Wild Boy, Burke and the Bottle Conjuror will probably go down to other generations together. But we feel some "desire for his sufferance" in the world's memory. Trifling as his life of imagination has been, there is good material in his life of fact, and those who would not now turn a page of his quartos may be edified by the history of his fall. The warning at least is worth something : if the criminal must be expunged from society that can no longer endure him, his gibbet may still be of service : the lesson of his disgrace may be worth the price of his chains. Of this person as an individual we know nothing, we may pass him every day in the streets, we may unconsciously hear his voice huzzaing the Regent with the vigour of new loyalty, we may find him even stretching his sinews among the foremost of the "swinish herd" that yoke themselves to a Royal equipage, he may be at this moment writing a panegyric in the *Morning Post*, or sketching the apotheosis of my Lord Liverpool. We speak of him merely as we find him in his books, and it is by the testimony of his own dark and perishing chronicles that we are enabled to sustain his remembrance against its downward law, and preserve him as a warning to authorship to come.

Probably twenty-five years have passed since Robert Southey first offered himself to the notice of the world. If the feebleness of his powers was forgotten in the interest felt for a child's courage, there was, perhaps, something in the spirit of the time not unfavourable to his fame. It was an age of quackery. The cry of *young talent* was perpetually ringing in our ears, the experience of more mature life was ridiculed in the contrast with those ardent powers which were to make experience

useless, and bound over the impediments which our forefathers had toiled only to remove. From France, that native and inexhaustible region of folly and falsehood, we heard but of infant heroes, bards at the breast, and legislators who came to their task uninfected by any thing of the world beyond the walls of the nursery. In England, with all her reason and irresistible disgust at the presumptuous emptiness of her neighbour, this Quixotism had its hour, and a six weeks epic written by a green boy was less examined as a work of mind than shouted after as an evidence that whatever might be the practised agility of France, England, unwieldy England, could also put on her not unequal speed, and plunge headlong. This poem thrown loose upon the public was talked of, triumphed in, and forgotten. Even its adoption of a French heroine, and its tone of insult to the greatest names of England in the day when she most scourged the insolence of France, were overlooked in the crisis, or turned over to the account of that noble superiority to country which lifted the young author at once into the double honours of poet and philosopher. But human glory is frail, and of all its kinds, that which rests on popular intoxication is the most difficult of vitality. "Joan of Arc" died outright. The meritorious work of a self-willed and toiling youth perished by a natural decease when it began to be surmised that the youth must have now grown up into a man. The lisps which might once be mistaken for the amiable innocence of an infant were in the man evidences of hopeless fatuity. The *toga virilis* was too heavy for his unknit structure, and Mister Southey probably often deplored the day when he lost the simple covering of "Master Robert." Something must, however, be done. He had embarked in revolution when it led the way to fame, and

its advance might not be detested by honourable men, he adhered to it from the same appetite when revolution had fostered into jacobinism: when the jackall cannot ensnare the living, he will prey among the tombs. The rankness of jacobinism seemed to have no disgust, while it could support a fading popularity, and the measures of a British Government struggling for the existence of the commonwealth were held up to shame in the perpetual contrast of that glorious system which scorning restraint in other countries was to place our rival on the proudest eminence of moral and political renown. We will not charge Mr. Southey with having intended all this, nor suppose that he was sincere in the contrast, nor that he would have felt happier under the scourge of a conscription, than under the warnings of a Convention Bill. But we believe that if he had any settled opinions, they were those of a man utterly adverse to those arrangements of society which had assumed an old and wise consistency in the realm, that he looked with an incurable disgust on those gradations which restrain plebeian insolence, where it is the plebeian's only quality, and securing to honest men the calm enjoyment of their consciences and their acquisitions, hold the rod over the naked rapine and clamorous violence of that inferior multitude who can see nothing in power but its plunder and its revenge. That Mr. Southey should have looked on the result and have turned away his steps from that unhallowed altar could not be placed among his degradations. But he had persisted too long, he had too firmly withstood the evidence of his senses, the miracles wrought before him, the recorded maxims of his country, the spirit of an English heart stirring within him, to give room for an honourable repentance. Refused nothing but a sign from Heaven, this Pharisee had exhausted all the means of

opening his eyes. For the hope of future respect he had no resource but to persevere, and persecuting to the last those wise and superior principles which came to throw their protection over even such as he, submit to be crushed under the sentence, which their long tried spirit was forced to utter against the enemies of the world. But there was another career reserved for this person's pliancy. While the war lasted, and it was possible that France might be mistress, the author of the "Botany Bay Eclogues" pursued his vocation, and no man could detect a sign of shrinking in him, from the fabrication of a massive epic down to the flimsy tissue of a fairy tale. But a train of circumstances began to give proof that the "iron crown" was gliding off its master's brow. By what peculiar agency the conviction of the mutability of human things was conveyed to the poet of Port Jackson it is scarcely worth our trouble to inquire. But he at a moment wheeled round the whole compass and pointed due "Whitehall." A little dedication, barbed with a sly compliment for its better adherence, betokened his submission to office, and in a few days Mr. Robert Southey stood in the Gazette. How far this distinction was more enviable than that of the bankrupts round him he may have already learned from the feeling of the public. But he is undone. As Walpole said of Pulteney, the "key has been turned on him," let him for his future life write odes and epodes, and epithalamiums.

"Illa se jactet Æolus in Aula."

We have no quarrel with the choice which appointed him in preference to any other of the meagre supplicants that linger about the tail of courts for their offal. The appointment of Laureat bringing contempt in the very

sound, was given in contempt. By binding him in the halter of degraded patronage it has shewn the natural end of hopeless misrule, and it may be even that a portion of the same subtle and scornful vengeance which turning Napoleon from the French throne, dubbed him *Emperor of Elba*, condescended to exhibit the noisy republican in the fetters of the Laureatship, degraded and put to shame for ever.

ODE TO HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS THE PRINCE REGENT.

I.

Prince of the mighty Isle !
Proud day for thee, and for thy kingdoms this,
When Britain, round her spear,
The olive garland twines by victory won.

II.

Rightly mayst thou rejoice,
For in a day of darkness and of storms,
An evil day, a day of woe,
To thee the sceptre fell,
The Continent was leagued,
Her numbers wielded by one will
Against the mighty isle ;
All shores were hostile to the red-cross flag,
All ports against her closed ;
Save where behind their ramparts driven,
The Spaniard and the faithful *Portugal*,
Each on the utmost limits of his land,
Invincible of heart,
Stood firm and put their trust
In their good cause and thee.

Such perils menaced from abroad !

As lovers of justice, we have given the author leave to plead his own cause in his own stile. We have inserted

the first, and, we believe, the most lively burst of his flight, without venturing to alter the arrangement of a comma, and have no objection to any excess of praise by which it may be attended. We must, however, acknowledge that we cannot easily give way to the hope that *Pindar* may for the future be dispensed with. Yet we may be too *exigeant* in our requisites, and forgetting that the author's object was simply to indite that history, which, as Pliny says "*quoquo modo scripta placet*," we may have been demanding of him in poetry the easy panegyric that so much more naturally clothes itself in listless prose. But on this hypothesis nothing could be more appropriate than the vehicle.

To the common eye, which, sufficiently assured of Royal virtues, glances at, and loathes their slavish catalogue; the happy fracture of its lines conveys, without further trouble, the fame of poetry to their writer. To those who, from curiosity or courtiership, will bear the closer study, it lies before them in unpresuming and indubitable prose.

We suggest this fortunate discovery to the Editors of the Gazette, leaving them to consider what new interest may not be thrown round a Bankrupt List, a Royal progress, or the announcement of a Drawing Room, by constructing their types "*en Lyrique*."

But this Ode, excellent as a specimen of Lyric invention, has the additional advantage of containing the latest expression of its author's political sentiments. Mr. Southey, once a dreamer of "such dreams as *Plato* loved," was, probably, at all times, too much enchanted by the "Code Robespierre" to have felt attached even to turbulence, under its diminished form of Whiggism in England. But still the Laureat, "before he was a Laureat gay," allowed himself, along with Citizens Wishart,

Hardy, Despard, and certain others, whose deaths have furnished more useful lessons than their lives, to take a sullen stand under the general banner of the Whigs. How fully he has resolved to wipe off the shame of this vulgar acquiescence, may be read as follows :

“ At home, worse dangers compass’d thee—(*the Regent,*)
 Where *shallow* counsellors,
 A *weak*, but clamorous crew,
Pester’d the land, and, with their with’ring breath,
Poison’d the public ear.
 For peace, the feeble rais’d their *faction* cry—
 Oh madness ! to resist
 Th’ invincible in arms.
 Seek the peace-garland from his dreadful hand,
 And at the tyrant’s feet
 They would have knelt, to take
 The wreath of Aconite for Britain’s brow.

This is all admirable and peculiarly so, *quoad* Robert Southey. As to the vulgar and narrow policy of those men, who, styling themselves Whigs, were only using the name to thrust their tribe into power, and rule prince and people with an equal despotism, our opinion has never changed. From the beginning, we felt with the nation, that they had been sufficiently tried in one year, pregnant with more ministerial blundering than any ten that followed or preceded it; but we were not prepared for the vigorous fortitude with which their most clamorous slave could throw off his servitude and insult his masters—“ *Et tu Brute.*”—We leave it to Lords Grey and Grenville and Holland, the pertinacity of Mr. Whitbread, and the struggling gall of Mr. Ponsonby, to visit the deserter with his due punishment. Still, however, there is a gentle spirit of reconciliation flutter-

ing about his crime, and the Ghost of *Marat* might be appeased by this tribute to the heroism of Bellingham:

“Thou” (*the murdered Mr. Perceval*) “also
should’st have seen,”
This harvest of thy hopes,
Thou whom the guilty act
Of a *great spirit overthrown*,
Sent to thine early grave in evil hour.”

After this just, well turned, and most pregnant compliment to the memory of a vile assassin, we confess that our hopes of Mr. Southey revive. Let us in gratitude for this homage to his earlier feelings, point out to him an employment whose congeniality may serve to sweeten the dreary hours of Birth-day and Congratulatory Odes. *Williams*, the gallant extinguisher of the Mar family, has yet found no one to shed the tears of elegy around his tomb. *Nicholson* has perished unwept. *Sellis* cut his own throat without the notice of a single muse, and the utter oblivion of the manly hand that stabbed the Count and Countess D’Entragues calls upon some admirer of English virtues and the grandeur of “a great spirit overthrown,” at once to vindicate our nature and our name. From the brief specimen which we have just given, we know no hands into which the Newgate Calendar can be more fortunately put for versification, and hope soon to congratulate the Laureat on a new title. The odes to the Emperor and King, marked as they are by the same animation, and the same happy fabric of prose fractured into “longs and shorts,” are yet tolerably clear from the sycophancy of that to the Prince. The following is absolutely the only endurable passage in the range of the whole thirty pages, and conveys a merited praise to the magnanimity of the Russian Emperor:—

" Rous'd as thou wert with insult and with wrong,
 Who should have blam'd thee, if in high wrought mood,
 Of vengeance and the sense of injured power,
 Thou from the flames which laid
 The city of thy fathers in the dust,
 Hadst bid a spark be brought
 And borne it to thy tent
 Religiously by day and night preserv'd,
 Till on Montmartre's height
 When open to thy arms
 Her last defence o'erthrown,
 Her guilty city lay,
 Thou had'st called every Russian of thy host
 To light his flambeau at the sacred fire,
 And sent him thro' her streets,
 And wrapt her roofs and towers,
 Temples and palaces,
 Her wealth and boasted spoils,
 In one wide flood of fire?
 Making the hated nation feel herself
 The miseries she had spread.

THE CHURCH-YARD.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SATIRIST.

SIR,

You have extended your enquiry into a wide district
 of science and philosophy. The sky and the earth have
 been opened to you—you have plunged into the mine and
 investigated the surface—yet is not curiosity exhausted.
 You have not yet done all that you could do, and you
 are not entitled to limit your enquiries while their space

is only growing more extensive. Is the sailor to rest upon the oar at the moment the waters have grown calm? I will hope better things of your spirit, and even conduct you to a source of interest which may have, till this moment, eluded your eye. The source is not unworthy of a philosopher. Pericles wept, and Johnson moralized among the tombs. I shall neither weep nor moralize. The efforts of man are not wisely stretched beyond his powers. I shall give you some specimens of my collection; they are simply prefatory to the rich and various memorials which I still possess, and which shall be developed in succession.

ON THE MARQUIS OF CHANDELIER *.

Here, doom'd to slumber from its birth,
Rests thy soft mass of heavy earth—

My Lord of S——

The feeble flame, extinguished quite,
Cut short the snuff, and dark the light
That twinkled once in thee.

Tho' Princes round thy leg or head
Garter and grace might string, or shed,
Thou knowing somewhat better;
By nature badged C—— and slave
Follow'd'st the hint that nature gave,
In spirit, and in letter.

* At what time this epitaph was written, I am, from the rudeness of its measure, but inadequately able to conjecture. Its subject must have died at some remote period of national degradation or courtly slavery. England could not now present a nobleman and his heir acting the part of candelabra in their own house. The thing would be too absurd to be endurable.

When pimps and princes for a laugh
 At thee, and at thy *mightier half*,
 In at thy hall door broke,
 With candlesticks and elbows crost,
 There stood my Lord, *himself a host*,
 A steady standing joke.

Proof to the sneer of pimp and prince,
 The genuine lackey scorn'd to wince,
 Nay, when *he* cried out shame,
 Who by his grandam might have sworn
 He never felt the thing before—
 The Marquis still was *game*.

But glory to the Emperor!!
 As caper'd up all brisk, "Mi Lor"
 Blazing as if he'd blind him,
 Scorning the caitiff, onward pushes—
 The massive "Czar of all the Russias,"
 Nor deign'd to look behind him.

Stung to the soul, the porter peer,
 St. James's footmen give your tear—
 St. Giles's w——'s your sigh;
 Put out his light, put on his shroud,
 And, resting here with poor and proud,
 Mounted death's livery.

ON THE MARCHIONESS ———.

"The horn, the horn—the lusty horn,
 "Is not a thing to laugh to scorn,"
 And she that in this tomb doth dwell
 Could make its music passing well,
 For vain was age, or woman's shame,
 The vigour of her blast to tame.

'Tis said this lady, great and gay,
The very Saraband could play,
That erst in field and shadowy grove
When gentle nymphs were giv'n to rove,
To meet some roughskinn'd satyr chancing,
Satyr and nymph were giv'n to dancing.

Thus ringing sweet o'er hill and dale,
In chase of pleasure true and hale,
In sportings wild, as legends say,
Soon fled, but gaily fled her May,
While ev'ry moon, her gentle spouse,
Felt fresher honours load his brows.

Now laid at length, where all must lie,
Pause stranger on her elegy.

Here lies the heart, whose vigorous embers
Could glow thro' sixty odd—Decembers,
And here the hand, in sport and scorn,
To plant the “horn—the lusty horn.”

ON MISS GODOLPHIN, THE OSWESTRY HEIRESS.

Here sleeps a maid, whose bosom chill and lone,
Disdain'd or dreaded love's delicious sway,
And many a spirit—for her smile undone,
Felt life and hope before her frown decay.

One in the field a gentler sentence found,
And one, a wanderer o'er flood and fell,
Taught Attica's sad bow'rs the silver sound
Of the proud name he lov'd—so long, so well.

And one, oh ! his was deeper—deadlier pain,
Pow'rless to shine the ruin of her eye,
Nor sought the field of death, nor distant main,
But linger'd at her feet in agony.

And mourning still the hour that bade him love,
 And proud his love was thine and only thine,
 Still pow'rless, from thy faded dust to move,
 He breaths his life's last sigh beside thy shrine.

ON MY LORD TAPER,

Son and Heir to the Marquis of Chandelier.

* When C—— found his Brutus wig
 In W——'s eyes not worth a fig,
 When ev'n his choice militia stride,
 His cravat *a la Jack Ketch* tied;
 Nay, sword and all, had fail'd to stick him
 In thy soft heart, my lovely W.
 Desperate for "better or for worse,"
 To pick up such another purse,
 And quickly finding thou wouldst *lick him*,
 Sooner than wed my lovely W.
 Empty his pockets, full his tills
 Of schemes and dreams, of pills and bills,
 Past rhyme and reason, help and hope,
 He stopp'd his musings with a rope.
 Yet think not thou, my lovely W.
 'Twas love or conscience stoop'd to prick him.
 Backwards his haggard eyeball rolls,
 Not on thy lip, but on thy consols.
 The only sigh his spirit vents,
 Goes for thy luscious five per cents.

* A certain Lord is a case in point; he has been "long and many a day eating his heart," for the love of 20,000*l.* a year, attached to the right hand of a handsome belle in Oxfordshire.

No anguish for thy beauty spoke ;
 His neck no manly feeling broke ;
 But " fallen from thy high estate,"
 He saw and met his native fate.
 Then let his master, Mammon, *nick* him,
 And leave him here, my lovely W.

ON THE COUNTESS COTILLION.

How sweet the Peeress sinks to rest,
 In all a monarch's fondness blest !
 When waiting maids, with fingers bold,
 Rip up her dickey, flounc'd with gold ;
 Sighing, their lisp'ing tongues shall say,
 This rumpl'd dickey had its day.
 Worthy the place it held, for far
 Shall ride his Majesty the Czar,
 Before he sees or hip or ham,
 Such as beneath this dickey swam.

Ev'n rival Countesses shall come,
 Splitting with spite, with envy dumb,
 To see where lie the soft remains
 Of all an Emperor's joys and pains ;
 The matchless witch'ry that could move
 Kings to hereditary love,
 Bidding the daughters' lip beguile
 Th' adorer of the mother's smile ;
 And *Winsor* shall " awhile repair,"
 With many a nymph all fresh and fair,
 And many a guardsman, waltzing round,
 Shall whirl them o'er th' enchanted ground ;
 And there shall many a soft eleve,
 Like thee, the light Cotillion weave ;

And, like thee, with her hero near,
 Leave prudes and *cats* to think of fear.

The blooming wife of an English nobleman is reported to have had half a dozen, at least, of "mortal murders on her crown," of disappointed spinsters and matrons, who were determined to dance with an Emperor before they died. Young Lady J. was said to be peculiarly obnoxious on this trying occasion.

ODE ON THE DEATH OF SIR JOHN MOORE.

Awake Corunna! rise! the Fates
 Perform their works beneath thy gates!
 Fierce on her foes Britannia's vengeance falls,
 And Death's pale steeds speed round thy trembling walls!
 What Hero of majestic form,
 Directs her rage, and wings the storm?
 'Tis he, whose guardian arm upbore
 Her sinking standard—dauntless Moore!
 With dangers varied shapes enclos'd,
 Most firm when direst ills oppos'd!
 Unaw'd while on his fainting host
 Glar'd Famine like an angry ghost;
 Scream'd the fierce vulture to the wind;
 While like a tempest hung behind,
 With muster'd might advanc'd the Gaul,
 On his exhausted prey to fall—

Arise Corunna! sound alarm!
 Stern retribution bares her arm!

Unconquer'd Moore, his toil-worn band
Marshals on thy admiring strand!
And deeds of everlasting fame
Wide through the world's expanse shall consecrate thy
name!

Unmeasur'd spreads the Gallic line,
Yet, Britons, hark! a voice divine
Exclaims, "Tho' countless slaves combine,
Can slaves intimidate the free?"
'Tis England's voice! your country's call!
Charge Britons! charge th' insulting Gaul!
To vengeance! vengeance! Warriors all!
To vengeance and to victory.

Explodes the storm! resounds the air
With devastation, rage, despair!
Like lightnings when with dire assault,
Fierce flashing through the ætherial vault,
They lay the mountain cedars low;
Thus bursting furious on the foe,
Albion! thy sons assert their birth
And hurl his giant strength to earth—
Lo! Death's terrific front before,
Through all his host, resistless Moore
Breathes ardent his inspiring soul,
And gives Destruction's tides to roll—
While yet his dreadless bands advance
Impetuous on receding France,
While yet his voice to conquest calls,
He falls!—the illustrious warrior falls!
Renown'd for proud achievements past,
Yet most distinguished in the last,
Victory on his gory bed
Enwreathing his recumbent head,

He sets, his radiant journey run,
Glorious as the summer sun,
While round in brighter blaze his parting splendors spread.

How blest the brave, supremely blest !
In Glory's arms who sink to rest !
Thrice hallow'd his illustrious meed,
When Freedom bids the Hero bleed !
Tho' on his closing eye-lids swim
Affection's visions floating dim,
And heaves his bosom, else unmov'd,
Its parting pang for those he lov'd ;
Yet then, o'er Death's abyss profound,
Shall forms of glory, gleaming round,
Pour on his breast beatitude divine ;
Such bliss, lamented Moore ! in life's last hour was thine !

Confess'd ! to thy expiring eyes
I see thy country's genius rise !
With recent laurels steep'd in tears,
Her arm'd and awful form appears,
And o'er thy couch, heroic chief !
Thee ! her glory and her grief !
All silently she bends and breathes her tenderest sighs—
Advancing, see immortal Fame
The transcript of thy acts unroll,
Her bright imperishable scroll,
Brighter with thy recorded name !
And hark ! on thy entranced hear
She pours the World's impassion'd praise,
The gratitude of future days !
Her solemn pæans, breathing deep and clear,
Tell, as the fading earth recedes,
Yet nobler triumphs wait thy deeds,
And hosts of hovering seraphims thy sainted soul ensphere.

FINE ARTS.

Amongst the most extraordinary graphic works of the year, is the picture of *Christ Rejected by the High Priest, the Elders, and the People*, painted by the President West.—Exhibited singly, under the special patronage and protection of the Prince Regent, and attended daily by crowds of the public, it seems to call on us for notice. A duty so imposed cannot well be neglected; but, to examine and necessarily to point out the faults and failures of the work of a man, who has been for the last half century labouring incessantly to advance the arts of the country, is not only an ungracious, but a painful task; and, on the other hand, to leave public opinion without a guide, to expose the nascent taste of the nation to the bent of prejudice, and the mercy of a name, is equally at variance with our feelings and vocation. The deservings of Mr. West, must be ever fresh and full in our recollection, we shall therefore speak of him, as one whose past merits advanced in augmentation of his present reward and pleaded in extenuation of present censure; but, nevertheless, regarding him as an individual with claims subservient to public improvements, and to the paramount interest of national taste.

We will not discuss with Mr. West the propriety of calling that performance *epic*, which, in our opinion, might very fitly have been termed *historic*. It is the representation of a historical fact, the personages or agents are real; there is a point of time, there is no narrative; and though it is probable that all the agents employed in the picture were not present, yet it is certainly probable that they might all have been there at the

moment chosen by the artist; so much for the title of the work, and now to describe it:—

On the left side of the picture are Roman soldiers attendant on Pilate, who have Jesus in their custody; and, by their bearing the standard of the Emperor Tiberius, the period is marked when the occurrence took place. Their commander, the Centurion, stands with a martial appearance, sedately considering the awful event, surrounded by his family. Next to these, and to a man disrobing Christ, is the main groupe in the solemn incident, consisting of,—1. The Saviour, evincing tranquillity amidst the thoughtless and savage tumult of those who are condemning him to the most cruel and lingering death:—2. Pilate, presenting the divine captive to the people for their decision, and soliciting the High Priest and the furious assembly in his behalf: he is designated as the Roman Emperor's representative by the wreath of laurel on his head:—3. The High Priest, arrayed in all the pomp of his high station, and with the bitterness of personal feeling, demanding the Saviour's destruction, and crying out to the multitude, "Away with him, away with him, crucify him."

Behind the High Priest is a throng of persons—some deliberating on this extraordinary event, while many outrageously denounce their hated object, and insult him with opprobrious looks, gesture, and language. In the front of these, impelled forward by veneration and love for the accused, is Joseph of Arimathea, ruminating on the solemn occurrence;—James, the less anxious to see the result of the proceedings against his Lord; and St. Peter, who, filled with remorse at his former conduct, in having denied his Saviour, is weeping bitterly. This central line of figures is terminated on the right by the robber Barabbas, and the two Thieves, who have been

just brought from their confinement, and are attended by officers who are delivering them into the custody of others.

The groupe in the foreground, on the left, consists of the executioner sitting on the cross, and two soldiers, waiting for further commands; with two youths, who are affected in a manner natural to their early sensibilities, at hearing the Executioner explain the purpose of the different implements of crucifixion: they are enquiring of him the meaning of these preparations—he replies, in explanation, by pointing to his feet with a nail, which is to pierce the feet of Jesus.

In the middle of the fore-ground is the converted Magdalen.

Near to Mary Magdalen, with her hands compressed in sudden emotion, is the third Mary, and the pious women from Galilee, who came to administer to Christ, and whom he saw weeping as he passed to be crucified, when he made that memorable speech—"Weep not for me, ye daughters of Israel."

In the midst of these stands the beloved disciple John, supporting the mother of Jesus.

In the Gallery are seen a number of persons brought there by curiosity, dislike, or admiration of the sacred sufferer. In the center gallery is Herod, with his "men of war" and court. The wife of Pilate, accompanying him, marks the reconciliation of the two chiefs. She is earnestly looking at the "just person for whom she had that day suffered many things in a dream."

The preparations for the scourging and crucifying Christ are denoted by the brutal characters who are removing the *gorgeous* robe from his shoulders, and by the indecent and malignant zeal of the man who appears eager to inflict the scourge.

The architectural back-ground denotes Roman magnificence.

This description, though it gives no competent idea of the arrangements of the picture, will, nevertheless, afford some faint glimmering of the agents employed in it. We now proceed to examine the work in detail; and first, with regard to composition, for which Mr. West has been so justly famous, we do not think that the picture is peculiarly felicitous; it is too much disposed in groupes, by which the *whole* is in a great degree sacrificed, and the *parts* rendered too prominent; there are few of those parallel lines so essential to grandeur, and none of those chains of continuity with which Rubens has encircled his magical conceptions, and by which West has connected the whole of that modern wonder of art, *Death on the Pale Horse* *: there is also a decisive defect in the arrangement of the Magdalen, who forms a spot in the centre of the picture; her attitude, besides being unnatural, is the worst possible for the exhibition of the female figure, and her existence, as connected with the principal personages of the composition, is destroyed by her turning to look on something out of the picture; this is a fault which is common to the St. John and two or three figures in the same groupe. The drawing next presents itself and

* It was extremely injudicious in Mr. West to place this sketch in the same room with his large picture. With the vulgar, whether little or great, it will not augment his reputation, while to competent judges it will afford a comparison highly injurious to the fame of the recent production. Mr. West should have kept the *Death on the Pale Horse*, to crown the Exhibition with which he threatens us—it is his first work, his fame, and the fame of our school might be rested with security upon it—it is perhaps the greatest work of contemporary art.

displays a facility which is certainly obstructive of excellence, but this is less to be objected to than that hard and determined line which cuts the eye wherever it wanders. If Mr. West thinks this a security necessary to the grand style, he is mistaken; that style requires nothing completely unnatural—nature has no hard outlines. His fault may perhaps be attributable to an erroneous practice pursued by Mr. West, of *marking* in all his drawing with black chalk lines, and when once this outline is correctly got in, it is actually found impossible to get rid of it. We are aware that this was the practice of Michael Angelo, and that under a picture of his lately removed from the canvas, this sort of line was discovered; but then it should be remembered, that Michael Angelo did not paint with any reference to colour and effect, and therefore it is no authority for a school blest with the advantages of subsequent improvement.

In character and expression this is perhaps Mr. West's greatest work. The *Christ*, however, is an utter failure: he has none of the proportions necessary to super-human dignity, and has the look of some poor peccant individual detected in the commission of a petty crime, instead of the air of one suffering unjustly in the greatest of causes. Pontius Pilate has little of the grandeur we justly expect; and St. John and the Mother, notwithstanding the explanation given, are still very unintelligible; but the High Priest is excellent, displaying all the boisterous and virulent vulgarity and demoniacal malice that might be expected from bad passions in an exalted station; the groupe behind him, as well as the thieves, is truly admirable; and, indeed, in exhibiting all the baser passions, Mr. West has succeeded to the utmost limits of desire. There is an unusual variety in the heads, many of which are beautiful, as that of the Centurion's child, and the girl behind Mary Mag-

dalen in the groupe of Galilean women ; others are completely epicene, as that of the aged female in the same groupe, and that of Mary, the mother. The picture is poor in its colour and not forcible in its effect ; and it is deficient in depth and air, both which would have been considerably augmented by one or two feet additional height in the roof of the Judgment Hall. Notwithstanding all the faults enumerated, it is a most extraordinary production, and, considered with reference to the age of the painter, is a miracle.

THE MOON.



(To be continued Monthly.)

IMPROMPTU.

“What means all the *hissing* we heard in the Park?

“I wonder, my friend you enquire—

“The public are not quite so much in the dark,

“’Twas the *working*, of WHITBREAD’S ENTIRE.”

NAPOLEON IN ELBA.

Joy to the world! the Tyrant reigns no more:

Go, view his prostrate form on Elba’s shore;

Where he shall own, while brooding o’er the past,

His *age of iron* is arrived at last.

ON THE SAME.

Mourn not, Napoleon, that no more

The *crown of iron* which you wore,

Shall deck your drooping head :
 The paltry bauble fades to nought,
 Compar'd with what your fate has brought,
 An *iron Isle* instead.

JULIA'S GRAVE.

The Harp of Julia slumbers !
 Those lips no more shall move,
 That once in tuneful numbers
 Won every heart to love.

Nor shall the sound of gladness
 Awake the Child of Song ;
 But mark'd by silent sadness
 The hours shall pass along.

Then let me seek the willow,
 That bends o'er yon green wave,
 For there shall be my pillow,
 For there is Julia's grave.

▲ PARODY.

Nap and Joe up the hill would go,
 Fame's hill, their names t'engraft there ;
 Joe fell down and *broke his crown*,
 And Nap came tumbling after.

THE PILGRIM.

Ask ye, Pilgrims, why I sigh ?
 Why the tear-drop gems my eye ?

Why in Youth's elysian time,
Grief assails me ere my prime ?
Let the sordid miser tell
(Loving sordid gold too well)
When some wretch his coffer steals,
Let him tell you what he feels !

Ask ye, Pilgrims, why I rove
Around the plains or through the grove ?
Doubt ye, on what serious plan,
Thus I shun the haunts of man ?
See yon stricken Deer, and find,
What besides a cheerless mind ;
A rankling wound he feels like me,
And mourns it in obscurity !

Haste thee Pilgrim on thy way,
Time upbraids thy long delay ;
Fleeting are the lives of men,
Pause not ! we shall meet again.
Haste thee on ! 'tis but awhile
That I shall weep, or thou shalt smile,
A time—a little time—and then
Pilgrim, we shall meet again !

O TEMPORA !

The Prince at Court—his Wife shut out—
The case we all deplore :
It proves, beyond a shade of doubt,
The days of *Courtship* o'er.

When his Marshals cut Boney for Bourbon and ease,
The *King's Evil* turn'd out his * *Cutaneous Disease*.

* The Paris Papers lately stated that Bonaparte's illness, while at Fontainebleau, immediately previous to his deportation, was a *circumscript* itch.

THE GOOD OLD TIMES.

'Tis past—War drops his crimson lance ;
 The Bourbons mount the Throne,
 And re-assume their Spain and France,
 To rule by Love alone.
 Resolv'd to prove that France and Spain
 Have bettered their condition,
 One bids the *Slave Trade* thrive again,
 And one the *Inquisition*.

ON THE SINGING OF A MODERN LADY OF FASHION.

Maria sings, the list'ning throng
 Attend, admire, applaud the song ;
 You'd think the joy their looks impart,
 Proceeded truly from the heart :
 And truly too, Maria hears
 No false delights salute her ears ;
 Unfeigned joy their looks discover,
 Not that 'tis sweet, but that 'tis over.

BUONAPARTE.

When Boney from his Empire fell,
 How sad a tale did Faction tell !
 His fall, said they, our fall portends,
 So now we'll swear we're *not* his friends ;
 We'll gull the Public with soft stories
 And lay the blame on those vile Tories.

But Boney safe at Elba landed
And, hail'd "by People open handed!"
The Rebels can't *their* joy contain
"They're at *their* dirty work again!"

THE ASS AND THE GIPSY.—A TALE.

Dedicated to a Noble Lord.

—————"Fabular narrator."

"Me see his Lordship's Ass;" the Gipsy cried,
"Beneath de hedge: but vere me no vil tell."
"You never saw my Ass;" my Lord replied,
"You could not see my ass: 'tis false---as H---ll!"
"Vel! me no mind your anger or your oath;
And von bold thing poor *Gipsey* girl vil say—
I do believe, mi Lor, that nothing loth,
Your vicked Ass is apt to go astray."

HOPE.

Delusive Hope! thy radiant eye
Is ever fixed upon to-morrow;
And still, though cheated, we believe
The soothing tale that calms our sorrow.

The storm-tost sailor, as he views,
High o'er his head, the billow raging,
And marks with horror in his mien,
The war the seas and clouds are waging;

Trusting in thee, his shatter'd bark
Through the wild roaring chaos steering,
He thinks of home, of wife, and child,
And all that renders life endearing.

Then, in that moment of dismay,
With thoughts like these his bosom aching,
Thy smiles illume his trackless way,
And keep his wretched heart from breaking.

The lover, too; unwary youth !
Whom cruel beauty dooms to languish,
Fondly in thy false promise trusts,
And in vain dreams forgets his anguish.

But welcome still delusive Hope !
Chase from my bosom care and sorrow ;
Yes, let me dream of bliss to day,
But do not let me wake to-morrow.

THE DOCTOR AND HIS APPRENTICE.

A Tale.

A Pupil of the Esculapian school,
Was just about to quit his master's rule ;
Not that he knew his trade, as it appears,
But that he then had learnt it seven years.

Bob was a *beau* ; and to his fame be spoken—
Wens, tumours, members mortified or broken,
He held it vastly filthy to be slashing ;
Whilst clean white hose he sported every day,
Doubtless not chusing gentle folks would say—
More for his mangling than his washing.

Yet not on his acquirements here to stop,
Bobby was amply taught—to mind the shop;
And found it oft, by grievous lack of pelf,
A shop that no one minded but himself.

But Bob's papa indulging the conceit,
That yet his science was not quite complete,
The youth one morning thus address'd his master :
Dear Sir, my honoured father bids me say,
If I could now and then a visit pay,
He thinks, with you,
To notice how you do,
My business I might learn a little faster.

The thought is happy, the preceptor cries,—
A better method he could scarce devise :
If so he fancies, Bob, it shall be so ;
And when I next pay visits you shall go.

To bring that hour, alas ! time briskly fled :
With dire intent
Away they went ;
And now behold them at the patient's bed.

The master Doctor solemnly perus'd
His victim's face, and o'er his symptoms mus'd :
Look'd wise, said nothing—an unerring way
When people nothing have to say.

Then felt his pulse, and smelt his cane,
And paused, and blink'd, and smelt again,
And briefly of his corps perform'd each motion ;
Manœuvres that for Death's platoon are meant ;
A sort of a make-ready and present
Before the fell discharge of pill and potion.

At length the patient's wife he thus address'd :
Madam, your husband's danger's great,
And, what will never his complaint abate,
The man's been eating oysters, I perceive.—
Lord ! you're a witch, I verily believe,
Madam reply'd, and to the truth confess'd.

Skill so prodigious Bobby too admired,
And home returning, of the sage inquired
How these same oysters came into his head ?
Pshaw ! my dear Bob, the thing was plain,
Sure that can ne'er distress thy brain,
I saw the shells lie underneath the bed.

So wise by this sage lesson grown,
Next morn Bob ventured forth alone,
And to the self-same patient paid his court ;
But soon, with haste and wonder out of breath,
Returned the stripling minister of death,
And to his master made this dread report.

Why, Sir, we ne'er shall keep that patient under ;
Zounds ! such a maw I never came across ;
The fellow must be dying, and no wonder,
For damme if he hasn't eat a horse !

A horse ! the elder man of physic cried,
As if he meant his pupil to deride ;
How came so wild a notion in your head ?
How ? think not in my duty I was idle ;
Like you I took a peep beneath the bed,
And there I saw a *saddle and a bridle*.

JOHN BULL.

Great Jove, as ancient fables say,
Became a Bull in shape and form,
And bore *Europa* wild away,
'Thro' waves and winds, o'er sea and storm.

But *solid truths* our page adorn—
With grateful joy our hearts are full—
“*Europa's*” now in safety borne;
And mighty *England* is the “*Bull*.”

EXTRACT FROM AN ANCIENT MANUSCRIPT,

Written against the Jesuits two hundred years ago.

Echo non inepte ostendens quales sint Jesuitæ sacerdotes.

Annon sacerdos est Jesuita ?	(Echo)	ita
Quale igitur est eorum sacerdotium ?		otium
Quotidie Deo offerunt sacrificia.		vitia
Evangelium cum Apostolis proponentes realiter		aliter
Et tradentes Dei verbum incorruptum.		corruptum
Inde multum occupati sunt circa bona opera		æra
Et in plantanda pietate studiosi		O, si !
Diligenter observant suas regulas		gulas
Atque strenue sunt defensores Papæ		Papæ !
Quales ergo sunt uno verbo commonstra		monstra
Quid quærunt flectentes coram potentibus crura		rura
Ergo in inferis merces ipsis est reposita		ita
Interim Deus compescat hoc crabronum examen		Amen.

IMPROMPTU,

*By the late Mrs. Tickell, after perusing Hayley's
"Triumphs of Temper."*

With Female patience here's to do—
Serena and her trials three;
But I have read the Poem through—
Pray what d'ye think of me!

A REQUIEM FOR THE CATHOLIC BOARD,

"The Harp that once in Tara's Hall."

Orcacus pro defunctis.

The tongue that once, in freedom's cause,
The soul of treason shed,
Now hangs as mute, in C—nn—l's jaw's,
As if that tongue were dead.
So sleeps the pride of Tom Paine's days,
Thus Boney's reign is o'er,
And those who risqu'd their necks for praise,
Now run that risque no more.

No more to self-styled Squires or Knights
The voice of Sc—y swells,
O'G—r—n raves no more of rights,
No tales of ruin tells;
Dromg—'s bold zeal no longer wakes,
No more alarm he gives,
His vengeance on his patients wreaks,
Or hopeless starves and lives,

SAPHIC STANZAS.

Addressed to ———

Blest as a god is he who feels no heart-ache,
Sitting beside thee when at tea or after,
Fearless the wonders of your wit to *partake*,
Chit-chat and laughter!

But when you ope your battery of scandal,
Bounce goes my heart with eagerness to jump out,
Empty's my voice-pipe and my tongue, its handle,
Pow'rless to pump out!

Shock'd is my frame as by a stroke Galvanic,
Muffled my ear-drums cannot do their duty,
Eke are my eye-balls, rolling in a panic,
Blind to your beauty!

All pale and trembling, sudorous with terror,
Distance I fly to as my best physician,
Feeling when near thee, as a child of error,
Near to *perdition*!

THEATRES.

June is a month of benefits to performers, but by no means of benefit to the critics. A number of old and sterling pieces are indeed ravished from the dusty shelves of the managers; but the labours of criticism have for many years past covered them over as completely as the cobwebs. Yet we do not mean to say that the critic and the spider have any resemblance in nature, they are altogether different animals. Novelty is the food of the one; the other produces from old stores: the one toils *for*, the other *from*, the belly!

Indisposition has unfortunately deprived the public of the gratification of seeing Mr. Kemble conclude his engagement at Covent-Garden. This admirable performer will not play again this season—perhaps he may never recover that vigorous health to enable him to sustain the arduous task of representing a series of those characters in which he has so often instructed, delighted, and astonished. We, however, trust that this grand ornament of the drama will yet often appear before a London audience, and lament his present illness the more,

because it prevented the Allied Sovereigns, from witnessing the Master of dignified tragedy.

Those Illustrious Potentates have been so extremely engaged in splendid entertainments, that they have not had it in their power, during their visit, to do our stage justice. They went to both houses indeed, but we might say, that they rather went to be seen than to see. Young at the one house and Kean at the other, toiled, dispirited and heartless, through their parts; the hearts and eyes of the audience being all the while turned to the ornamented box in which the greater actors of real life were momentarily expected to make their appearance. When they did appear it was at a late hour—at Drury-lane to witness part of one of those wretched pieces of playwright mummery, which disgrace the stage, and are calculated to beget the most contemptuous opinion of the literary talents of our dramatic writers—at Covent-garden also to meet with a despicable example of scenic inanity and gaudy spectacle; though here the managers did manage to have a *thing* done in their honour of which the intention at least would in some measure atone for the insufficiency.

This matter was denominated the Grand Alliance, and we dare say, the personification of their Generals, the French Marshals, &c. did entertain the monarchs not a little. Some of the representatives of these parts were truly whimsical and ludicrous looking personages; the

Gallic Marshals were especially absurd and shabby looking heroes; but some of their originals are no better, and so we may suffer that to pass uncensured. There were a number of Genius-es in this allegorical festival, but unfortunately no *genius*.

The only novelty which has been produced at Covent Garden was an extravaganza, entitled, "Broad but not Long;" about its breadth we have nothing to say, but as to its length it ought to be acknowledged that it well merited its name—"not long!" for it lasted only one night.

At Drury-lane there has also been one new piece, a musical farce, brought out at the benefit of Lovegrove, and called "Fair Cheating."—The music is by Parry, and though not wonderful for any peculiar force or character, is sweet and pleasing. The farce itself, however, seemed to be, in dialogue and plot, rather too slight to sustain the musical part. There are, nevertheless, some good situations, and as the performers mellow in the characters, it may be occasionally represented still. It has been played several times.



g Grunkshant feet